



Reflection oft will bitter prove,  
Yet can unnumber'd ills remove.

“ You

Master Headstrong,

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“ You fell into it by your folly,  
replied *Reflection*, “ and you must  
“ get out of it by your labour-  
“ All seemed pleasant indeed, but  
“ I told you this was the land  
“ Disappointment. However, you  
“ must climb up that steepest place  
“ and then you must avoid the  
“ broad pleasant path that is straight  
“ before you, and keep the rugged  
“ narrow way to the left, till you  
“ come up to those travellers where  
“ you can but just discern, they  
“ so far off.”

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